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is now in New York, where she exhibits and sells most of her work.

Mrs. Edward Moran, wife of the marine artist, has done some clever work in landscapes and figure pieces, but seldom exhibits her productions. She is devoted to art, and is generally found by the side of her husband in his studio, where her suggestions are always welcome and often acted on. Her sons, inheriting the talents of both parents, are promising young artists. Mrs. Moran is one of the most valued patrons of the Ladies' Art Association of New York.

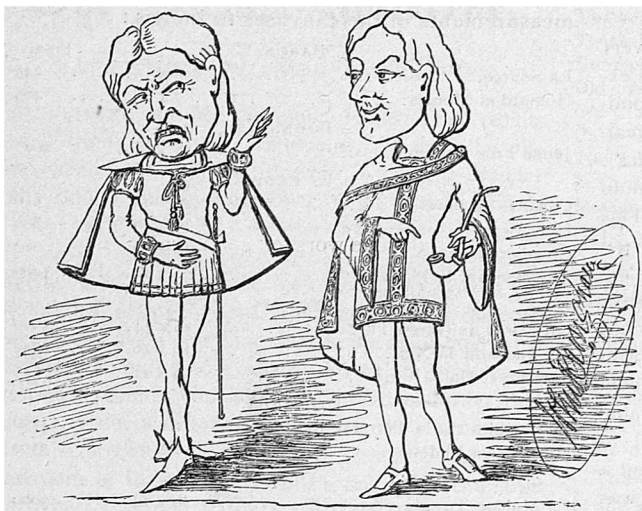
Agnes D. Abbott has a studio in Fourth Avenue. She studied at the National Academy schools. Her flowers rank very high and are well known. She has also painted a number of landscapes.

Mrs. Julia Dillon is a native of Rondout-on-the-Hudson. She belongs to a family of artists, being a McEntee. She studied with the same artist as Mrs. Coman in Paris, Mr. Thompson, and stands among the best flower painters in this country. She has one of the loveliest homes in Rondout, where she spends her summers, and a Broadway studio, which she occupies in winter. She is now in Europe.

Laura Woodward, who also occupies a Broadway studio, has for several years exhibited landscapes, showing talent and conscientious study.

Mrs. Beers is a sister of the Harts, and their pupil. She is now residing out of the city, where she for many years occupied one of the pleasantest studios, and, when not engaged with pupils, painted landscapes.

Amelia Harman is another landscape artist whose productions are well and favorably known to the public.



"CANST THOU PLAY UPON THIS PIPE?"—HAMLET.

She has occupied a studio in New York for a number of years.

Mrs. Widgery Griswold is the wife of one of the directors of the New York Conservatory of Music. She has been abroad several times, and has painted some very ambitious landscapes. These and her flower studies are often seen at the art exhibitions.

Louise Barrett, daughter of Judge Barrett, takes time from her social duties to paint prettily composed flower pieces. She has studied at the National Academy schools, and also in the painting classes at the Art Students' League.

Mrs. Geo. H. Story has shown decided talent in the few studies she has made of flowers and fruit. While at their pleasant little place in the country during the summer she shares her husband's studio, and paints under his guidance. Among her studies are branches of the crab-apple, with fruit and blossoms, which would do credit to a professional artist. She seldom touches a brush while in the city during the winter, but her summer work sometimes finds its way to the exhibitions of paintings in the city.

Mrs. Fanny Elliott Gifford commenced her art studies several years ago, and was one of Dr. Rimmer's most promising pupils at the Cooper Institute. She has since then married the artist R. Swain Gifford, has travelled extensively with him, and has recently devoted her talents to painting birds.

Leontine Huebsch, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Huebsch, though still a young student at Cooper Institute, and only just commencing to paint with Swain Gifford, has already produced some very good work in crayon portraits. She is a practical and very earnest worker.

Mrs. Jerome Thompson shares her husband's studio

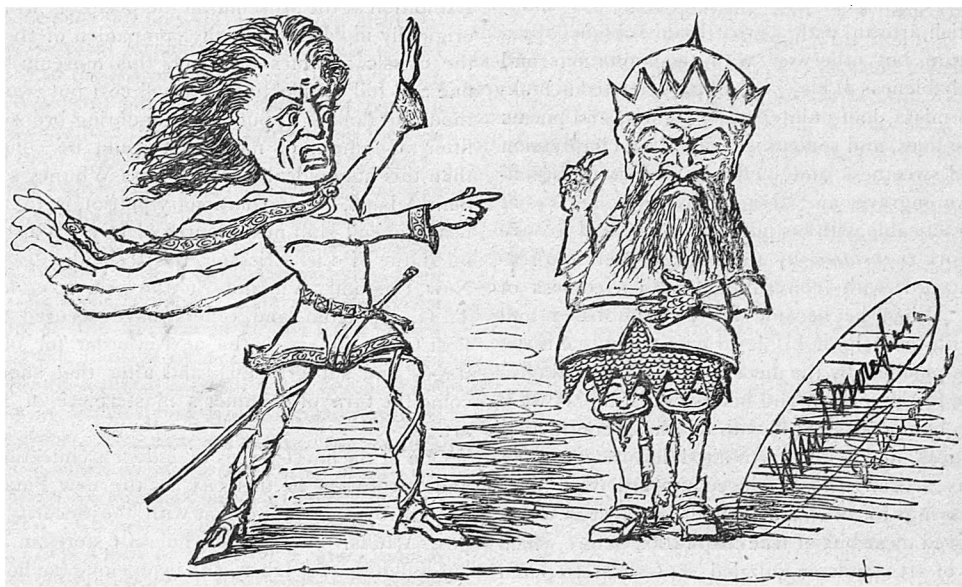
in the Association Building, and has for several years been known through her success in portrait painting.

Mrs. S. Johnson Rasters has produced some clever specimens of still life painting, but has recently devoted her attention entirely to decorative art. She is one of the officers of the Ladies' Art Association.

Miss Virginia Granberry and her sister Henrietta belong to a Virginia family, and lived many years in Norfolk. Their studio is at their present home in New York. Many of their fruit and flower pictures have been extensively reproduced as chromos. The ladies are always represented at the Academy exhibitions. One of them has charge of the instruction in art at the Packer Institute, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Eliza Greatorex has made her home in New York for many years, but is now abroad with her daughters Kate and Eleanor, who are both artists and have works in the present Salon exhibition. Mrs. Greatorex is well known by her paintings, and also her etchings of places of interest in New York and abroad. Many of the latter have been published: "The Homes of Ober Ammergau," in Munich, in 1871; "Summer Etchings in Colorado," in 1874; "Old New York from the Battery to Bloomingdale," in 1875, and a portfolio of etchings of Virginia and other studies in 1878. At the Centennial Exhibition she had eighteen pen-and-ink drawings of "Old New York." Mrs. Greatorex was born in Ireland in 1820, she studied under Witherspoon and James and William Hart in New York, under Lambinet in Paris, and at the Pinakothek in Munich. She is the only female member of the Artists' Fund Society, and was the first woman elected associate of the National Academy, New York. Her best known paintings are "Bloomingdale" (owned by Robert Hoe); "Château of Madame Cliffe" (owned by Dykeman Van Doren); "Bloomingdale Church, painted on a panel taken from the North Dutch Church, Fulton Street," and "St. Paul's Church" and "The North Dutch Church," each taken on panels taken from these churches. Mrs. Greatorex has done much to facilitate future study of the picturesque of old New York, and with this subject her name will probably always be associated.

E. H. Remington is one of the most skilful of our flower painters, and always conveys an artistic sentiment in her work. A pair of large panels by her at the Centennial Exposition represented "The Two Kings, Corn and Cotton," the two great national products denoting the principal requirements of man—food and clothing. These are now the property of Mrs. E. L. Youmans. A wealth of water-lilies against a rough stone background, on which appears the name "Undine," is still in her possession. Another of her fancies is a parody on the picture by Lobrichon, "Bagage de Croquemitaine," owned by E. D. Morgan.



"O MY PROPHETIC SOUL! MY UNCLE!"—HAMLET

She has painted pansies in the place of the children's faces, after the old idea of changing human beings into plants.

Of course it is impossible, in an article like this, to mention all the lady artists of New York, and some of much merit have necessarily been omitted.

#### JOHN BROUGHAM AS AN ARTIST.

SINCE the last issue of this journal, good genial John Brougham, actor, poet, and dramatist, having completed his threescore years and ten, has passed away to a



"HENCE, HORRIBLE SHADOW! UNREAL MOCKERY, HENCE!"—MACBETH.

better world. Among the many accomplishments with which his biographers have credited him, they have omitted to mention his uncommon skill as an amateur artist. His intimate friends know well how cleverly he handled the pencil, or rather the pen; for a favorite amusement of his in moments of idleness, or while waiting for inspiration in writing a play, was to scribble faces or Shakespearean incidents on half sheets of note-paper, which generally found their way into the wastebasket. Sometimes these amusing memoranda of humorous fancies were given to enthusiastic friends, and not a few of them are to-day to be found treasured in the albums of New York ladies, each with the never-varying signature, rich in playful flourishes—"John Brougham; delinquent." During a short period of financial straits in London—he was then little more than a youth, and had not yet thought of adopting the stage as a profession—Mr. Brougham found his talent for drawing of genuine service, for he turned it to account by giving private lessons, and so kept the wolf from the door at a time when a few shillings were really a god-send to him. That he might have greatly excelled as a draughtsman, if he had cultivated his talent, will be evident to any one who will glance at the very clever Shakespearean caricatures which we have reproduced in this article from original sketches from his pen.

How capably he has caught the expression of Charlotte Cushman as she appeared in the dagger scene,

and how terribly scared poor Macbeth looks as he apostrophizes the "horrible shadow!" Hamlet's exclamation in his interview with his father's ghost is certainly emphasized by the vigorous posing of the horrified prince, and the expression of disgust portrayed on the features of the courtier as the meerschaum pipe

(shades of Shakespeare forgive the artist!) is extended to him leaves nothing to be desired.

Dear old John Brougham! How well these little sketches, with their innocent fun, recall to the writer, who knew him well, the never-failing cheerfulness and sparkling wit of him who made them! A friend of the dead actor six years ago wrote of him: "A clear conscience is a wonderful manufacturer of a cheery heart, and few men boast of a clearer conscience than he. A man whose purse has ever been at the command of the poor and needy, who has striven to raise his profession to the highest dignity, is indeed a man who can sleep in peace and with an untroubled conscience." These lines when written were a just tribute to the living. Where now could we find words more fitting for his epitaph?

#### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE BLAKE COLLECTION—DR. RIMMER AND THE ALBANY CAPITAL FRESCOES—FINISHING HUNT'S SKETCHES—NOTES.

Boston, June 16, 1880.

A LOT of crude and cramped—or, when not cramped, conventional and ultra-academic—figures, printed and sometimes rudely colored on little book-leaves, compose the bulk of the exhibition of the works of William Blake, engraver, poet and enthusiast (not to use the harsh word *lunatic*), now in progress at the Museum of Fine Arts. Blake has been much bewritten and gushed over, but he was a true genius for all that. The springs of the original creative impulse welled up strong and irrepressible within him. But the direction and the form of the outcome were curiously and most unfortunately confused. You have to make allowances for his art for the sake of his poetry, and for his poetry for the sake of his art; for his bald naturalism for the sake of his deep religious inspiration, and for his theological narrowness for the sake of his fervent underlying worship of nature and humanity. One might run this figure of paradox out on the infinite parallel, but strange and interesting a being as Blake was, there has been enough writing about him. Anybody who wants philosophical theorizing, exalting to their full significance and more these curious remains of a remarkable Jack at three or four trades, will find a very much extended dilation in the last "Scribner's" apropos of this exhibition. As drawing or art pure and simple, they have the pathetic interest of a fervid poetic conception, narrowed and vulgarized by want of culture, and struggling with inadequate technical training for the means of expression. Nature, man, and the Bible were all his stock and material, and one would say that was enough. Yes, but a little knowledge of the art that has gone before one is not found superfluous or amiss with most art-workers. No doubt it might have polished away the homeliness and angularity of much of Blake's product, but it might have rubbed off the "naïve" earnestness, originality, and character also. A snub-nosed British artisan, with a great brain sublimed by a poetic nature, but otherwise with the limitations and the unteachableness of his class, Blake persisted in making half-formless, half-unintelligible pictures and poems with single lines, and sometimes with a total impression of supernal sweetness and ineffable majesty of significance. An engraver and designer by trade, he was at times impracticable with his publishers, and had to have his best work translated by another engraver into reasonable accord with convention and correctness of drawing. When he became his own publisher and printer, with the help of his loyal wife's hands, his designs were pinched by the necessity of economizing in the copper for his plates, and his wayward flights were thus again hampered. Still, with all these contracting circumstances, and with the limited leisure left to an industrious artisan who produced upward of a thousand engravings for book illustration, this British workman achieved these bits of true inspiration before which the world of art stands in puzzled, half-wondering and half-pitying admiration to-day. The exhibition is very large and comprehensive, and complete as a representative collection. Here are specimens of Blake's designs for Blair's "Grave," engraved by Schiavonetti; of the illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts" engraved by himself; of his quaint pictures to Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," as archaic as the text; of his own "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience," that unique essay at book-making to which he

averred he was commanded by angels in a vision; of the "Book of Thel," and of the "Inventions to the Book of Job."

I am morally bound to correct an intimation in my last letter that the drawing and anatomy of the designs for the frescoes of the Albany capital, by the late Wm. M. Hunt, were corrected by the late Dr. Rimmer. The two were, as I have stated, close and confidential friends, and Hunt was in fact a pupil of the Doctor's in anatomical drawing. The former did apply to the latter to assist him in the designs for the cartoons, but on the first comparison of notes it was found that the two were so far apart in their conceptions of a given topic, that the attempt to collaborate was abandoned. Dr. Rimmer was, however, to have criticised and corrected the drawing, but owing to his break-down in health did not in fact do so. Mr. J. G. Carter, Hunt's assistant and factotum, is authority for the statement that not a line or touch exists in the frescoes to-day that was not Hunt's own wholly and solely, except for what help he (Carter) afforded. Mr. Carter, by the way, is arousing the ire and apprehension of some of the lamented artist's friends and disciples, by proposing to make what he calls "finished paintings" of the sketches Hunt left behind. The sketches of any great artist are eagerly sought for and studied after his death by other artists, and especially by Hunt's followers and admirers are his sketches considered a precious legacy left by him. These heirs in art of Hunt are horrified at the rumor that a man who four years ago was earning his living as a carriage painter, considers that within that time he has made such progress and development in art that he is competent to finish Wm. M. Hunt's sketches. For my part I see no reason to doubt that he will surely "finish," that is, destroy them.

An excellent suggestion has been made, and very favorably received on all hands, that Dr. Rimmer's extraordinary statue, "The Gladiator" (which a prominent sculptor here has just declared to be the only really great piece of sculpture ever produced in America), be put into bronze, to ornament the open space in an angle of the streets in front of the Art Museum. This is the statue of a wounded gladiator falling backward from a standing posture, which set the critics and experts of Paris to wondering, and which would have won the sculptor a high honor had it been made of a size to prove that it was not a copy from a model. In vain the puzzled Parisian artists attempted to pose a model in that position, but the American—he was never able to visit Europe himself—having no one at hand to vouch for the truth that the work was made without a model, his "chef d'œuvre" missed the prize that was so richly due. It is said that there was a Boston gentleman in Paris at the time who knew all the facts in the case, and that Dr. Rimmer studied out and built up the whole from a first conception of how the muscles of the shoulder and arm of a man would look in falling, but failed to make the necessary representations to the jury. The statue stands here, in the Rimmer Memorial Exhibition at the Museum, in the plaster in which it was originally molded, a worthy companion of the casts of the classic antiques of which this museum boasts so fine and full a collection. It will cost but two or three thousand dollars to put it into enduring bronze, and no fitter monument of native art could be conceived of than this noble ideal work. Miss Whitney's statue of Sam Adams, the revolutionary patriot, is to be set up near Faneuil Hall next Fourth of July. Ward's beautiful statue of Lief Ericsson, the Icelandic discoverer of New England—Vinland—in the year 1000, for which T. G. Appleton and others have secured a site in Post-Office Square, is the next in order for public suffrages and subscriptions, and after that should fairly come the turn of Rimmer's masterpiece of American art.

One of the finest pieces of indoor architectural design and decoration in this city is the new Financial Exchange, built in connection with the Security Safe Deposit Vaults. Two large wholesale stores in an adjoining building were taken, and by opening the floors above to the roof, a top-lighted "salon" of noble proportions has been created. The ceiling curves up to the glass roof, and the walls are decorated in a tasteful and scholarly combination of English Queen Anne and French Renaissance—that is to say there is the dark wood wainscoting below and the ornate frieze and painted entablature above. But the grand feature of the luxurious interior is the immense fireplace, extending to the ceiling and nearly filling one end of the hall.

Long wooden seats stand within its capacious jambs, and a huge mirror with bevelled edges, in the recess above the mantel and beneath its lofty canopy, carries out the idea of the "giant hall" of the mediæval castle—an appropriate and artistic suggestion of the modern stronghold and donjon-keep of treasure and bonds and rendezvous of money-barons and the coupon-clipping aristocracy.

T. H. Bartlett, sculptor, announces that his school of modelling and terra-cotta design has been placed on such a foundation that it can offer education to any one worthy to receive it and unable to pay, at nominal rates, and is to be a permanent institution among the advantages of this art centre. John Selinger and I. M. Gaugengigl announce a school of painting for advanced students, to open next September, after the style of the ateliers of Munich, of which they are recent graduates. Miss Susan Hale, the water-color painter, has published a series of water-color landscapes for the self-instruction of beginners, showing by accompanying printed directions how to lay on the tints in three successive washings so as to produce the pictures—very practical and encouraging studies for amateurs. GRETA.

#### A FRENCH PICTURE SALE.

At the recent important auction sale in Paris of modern paintings, composing the collection of M. Victor Boulanger, the following prices were obtained. They give a fair idea of the market value in Europe of the works of the artists named. We are indebted to Messrs. Moore & Curtis for the use of the catalogue. We have reduced the French measurements of the canvases to inches:

	BARON.	Francs.
La Source.....	8 x 5.....	245
Homard et Moules.....	7 x 24.....	485
BONNAT.		
Jeune Fille Italienne.....	18 x 11.....	5020
J. L. BROWN.		
Cavalier en Forêt.....	16 x 13.....	810
Une Alerte.....	18 x 15.....	890
Cavaliers Louis XV.....	18 x 12.....	610
Cavaliers sur la Plage.....	29 x 24.....	1200
DECAMPS.		
Un Corps de Garde Turc.....	19 x 14.....	5000
Un Incendie la Nuit.....	10 x 16.....	550
Samson et Dalila.....	9 x 11.....	125
DETAILLE.		
Incroyables sur la Terrasse des Tuileries.....	11 x 8.....	4550
Hussard en Vedette.....	8 x 6.....	3500
DIAZ.		
La Maison Turque.....	9 x 14.....	3000
Route près d'une Mare.....	8 x 12.....	2250
DUPRAY.		
Chasseurs d'Afrique.....	22 x 18.....	940
DUPRÉ (JULES).		
Les Landes.....	12 x 14.....	9000
La Chaumière.....	10 x 18.....	1600
L'Étang.....	14 x 19.....	4500
FAUVELET.		
La Lecture.....	7 x 5.....	620
FORTUNY.		
Perroquets.....	5 x 2.....	605
HUMBERT.		
Un Enlèvement.....	30 x 22.....	1380
ISABEY.		
La Défense du Château.....	34 x 14.....	10700
Le Mariage.....	9 x 67.....	6000
Le Baptême.....	9 x 67.....	6000
La Réception.....	24 x 20.....	4000
Pêcheurs Lançant leurs Batteaux à la Mer.....	20 x 35.....	2700
Pêcheurs Retirant leur Barque sur la Rivage.....	8 x 13.....	900
Pêcheurs Ramenant leurs Filets.....	10 x 19.....	1005
Le Retour de la Pêche.....	13 x 18.....	1020
Scène d'Orgie.....	17 x 26.....	5600
Le Petit Port.....	8 x 10.....	1505
Marine.....	16 x 26.....	1750
JACQUE (CHARLES).		
Troupeau de Moutons sous de Grands Arbres.....	32 x 26.....	3700
Troupeau de Moutons près d'une Mare.....	17 x 28.....	2850
Poulailler.....	6 x 9.....	570
Porcs dans une Étable.....	12 x 18.....	1030
Le Rémouleur.....	4½ x 3½.....	205
LÉVY (HENRI).		
Les Deux Amis.....	25 x 21.....	1000
Une Sultane.....	17 x 13.....	585
PASCUTTI.		
Les Joueurs d'Échecs.....	6 x 9.....	990
DE PENNE.		
Chiens Bassets devant un Terrier.....	10 x 16.....	605
PILS.		
Arabe Fumant sa Chibouque.....	18 x 15.....	335